

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

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### Review of New Books.

*The Jacobite Relics of Scotland; being the Songs, Airs, and Legends of the Adherents of the House of Stuart.* Collected and Illustrated by James Hogg, Author of the Queen's Wake, &c. Edinburgh, 1819.

WE love these rescuings of the popular muse from oblivion; we read, with a good-humoured and accommodating taste, the rude effusions of the uncivilized past; we are willing to make allowances for their coarseness and crudeness, and to look upon them with a lenity which we would, by no means, extend to the productions of the present age. We would have the base of the poetical pyramid as broad as possible, that the structure might be stable as well as lofty, and, we need scarcely add, that its most proper foundation is the stone, rough and unpolished as it is first hewn from the quarry.

Mr. Hogg, better known by the name of the Ettrick Shepherd, in his introduction, speaking of those old relics, which he professes to collect, says,

'They actually form a delightful though rude epitome of the history of our country during a period highly eventful—when every internal movement was decisive toward the establishment of the rights and liberties which we have since enjoyed; and they likewise furnish us with a key to the annals of many ancient and noble families, who were either involved in ruin by the share they had in those commotions, or rose on that ruin in consequence of the support they afforded to the side that prevailed.'

Though these political relations increase the importance of this volume, yet they lead one to wish the subject a few centuries more remote, as those much-stricken strings of discord have not long ceased to vibrate. But the unexampled misfortunes and recent extinction of the House of Stuart must silence the voice of party, especially as the august family on the throne have set the noble example of liberality of sentiment;—we quote a passage from the introduction to this work: it is an anecdote of our venerable sovereign:—

'His Majesty having been told of a gentleman of family and fortune in Perthshire, who had not only refused to take the oath of allegiance to him, but had never permitted him to be named as king in his presence; "Carry my compliments to him," said the king, "but—what—stop—no; he may not receive my compliments as King of England—give him the elector of Hanover's compliments, and tell him that he respects the steadiness of his principles."

How, indeed, could there be aught of vindictiveness in answering the feeling appeal, 'Suffer us to make the songs of our country, and do you make its laws.' Were all the songs of the country like the following extract from this collection, they could not have a more noble or more efficient code of laws:—

VOL. II.

'What's the spring-breathing jess'mine and rose,  
What's the summer with all its gay train,  
Or the plenty of autumn to those,  
Who've barter'd their freedom for gain?  
Let the love of our king's sacred right  
To the love of our country succeed;  
Let friendship and honour unite,  
And flourish on both sides the Tweed.

No sweetness the senses can cheer,  
Which corruption and bribery blind,  
No brightness that gloom e'er can clear,  
For honour's the sun of the mind.  
Let the love, &c.

Let virtue distinguish the brave,  
Place riches in lowest degree;  
Think him poorest who can be a slave,  
Him richest who dares to be free.  
Let the love, &c.

Let us think how our ancestors rose,  
Let us think how our ancestors fell;  
The rights they defended, and those  
They bought with their blood we'll ne'er sell.  
Let the love, &c.'

The next song has, for its author, Captain Ogilvie, an officer, who followed the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of King James; it possesses genuine and unaffected feeling.

'It was a' for our rightfu' king,  
We left fair Scotland's strand,  
It was a' for our rightfu' king,  
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,  
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
An' a' is done in vain;  
My love an' native land, fareweel,  
For I maun cross the main, &c.

He turn'd him right an' round about,  
Upon the Irish shore,  
An' gae his bridle-reins a shake  
With adieu for evermore, &c.

The sodger frae the wars returns,  
The sailor frae the main;  
But I hae parted frae my love,  
Never to meet again, &c.

When day is gane, an' night is come,  
An' a folk bound to sleep,  
I think on him that's far awa,  
The lee-lang night, an' weep, &c.'

The chief strength of the collection is in the humorous and satirical, but, owing to coarseness and absurdity, there are few we would wish to present to our readers. We select the two following, the first upon Bishop



' Here Sarum lies, was once as wise  
And learn'd as Tom Aquinas;  
Long sleeves he wore, yet was no more  
A Christian than Socinus.

Oaths *pro.* and *con.* he swallow'd down,  
And gold like any layman,  
Wrote, preach'd, and pray'd, and yet betray'd  
God's Holy Church for Mammon.

Of every vice he had a spice,  
Altho' a reverend prelate;  
He liv'd and died, if not belied,  
A true dissenting zealot.

If such a soul to heaven has stole,  
And slipt old Satan's clutches,  
You'll then presume, there may be room  
For Marlborough and his duchess.'

' Come, lend me an ear, if you've any to spare,  
You that love commonwealth, and hate common prayer,  
Who can in a breath, lie, dissemble, and swear,  
Which nobody can deny, deny, which nobody can deny.

The times are so fickle, I vow and profess,  
Men know not which party or way to embrace;  
But I'll still be for those that are least in disgrace,  
Which nobody can deny, deny, &c.

Sometimes I'm a rebel, and sometimes a saint;  
Sometimes I can swear, and at other times cant;  
There's nothing but grace, thanks to Jove, I do want;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

Of gracious King William I was a great lover,  
Did join with a party that was for another;  
I drank the king's health, take it one way or t'other;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

I frequently went into the Whigs' meeting,  
When there I did meet with such sorrowful greeting,  
Makes me hate long prayers, with five hours prating;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

All this I can do when I'm foolish and merry,  
And I can sing psalms as if never weary;  
But I still find more joy in a boat to the ferry;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.

I can pledge any health my companions drink round,  
And can say, Heaven bless! when I wish, Hell confound!  
I can hold to the hare, and run with the hound;  
Which nobody can deny, &c.'

We were surprised at meeting a much used and abused  
conceit in this dress,—

' Marilla, as like Venus' sel'  
As e'er æstarn was like anither,  
Once Cupid met upo' the mall,  
And took her for his bonny mither.'

There are several pretty and fantastic ideas scattered  
through the volume; we cannot pass over

' The man in the moon  
May wear out his shoon,  
By running after Charles' wain.'

We recognize, as old acquaintances, most of the airs in  
this collection; among the rest we find the old English  
tune of 'Sally in our Alley' tacked to a 'South Sea bal-  
lad.' We have also 'The King shall enjoy his ain again,'  
which, as is observed in one of the notes, is 'the most fa-  
mous and most popular air ever heard in this (Scottish)  
country; although, at the same time, it must be con-  
fessed, that it does not appear to have been originally a  
Scottish air.'

The collector and illustrator of the Jacobite Relics we

applaud for his zeal and research;—but we wish to hint  
at parting, that we consider '*improven*' no improvement  
upon '*improved*,' and that we are satisfied to take our or-  
thography from the precedents of Addison, of—we need  
not go further—Hume.

*Travels in Nubia.* By the late John Lewis Burckhardt.  
Published by the Association for promoting the Disco-  
very of the Interior Parts of Africa. With Maps, &c.  
4to. pp. 543. London, 1820.

It is melancholy to reflect how much enterprising genius  
and talent have been sacrificed in the attempt to explore  
the interior of Africa; and it might be fairly questioned,  
whether our information be not purchased at too dear  
a rate with the lives of all who have courage and talents  
to undertake a task so arduous and so dangerous? The  
fatal climate of Africa, always pernicious to Europeans,  
and the thousand dangers to be encountered, would  
be sufficient to appal the stoutest hearts, were they not in-  
spired with an enthusiastic love of science which no dan-  
ger—no difficulty could subdue.

John Lewis Burckhardt, the last European traveller  
who has fallen a victim to his zeal in furthering the views  
of the African Association, was of an eminent family, of  
Basle, but born at Lausanne. The French revolution  
had nearly brought his father to the scaffold; he was tried  
for his life by the French party at Basle, in 1796-7, and,  
though acquitted, was compelled to quit the country.  
He entered into a Swiss corps in English pay, leaving his  
wife and children at Basle. Here his son, Lewis Burck-  
hardt, was a daily witness of the misery suffered under  
the republican French, and here he imbibed, at a very  
early age, a detestation of their principles, and a resolu-  
tion never to bend under their yoke.

In the year 1800, young Burckhardt, then sixteen years  
of age, was entered in the University of Leipsic, from  
whence, after a stay of four years, he was removed to Got-  
tingen. In both places his exemplary conduct, his dis-  
tinguished talents, and ardent zeal for knowledge gained  
him universal respect. In 1806, he arrived in London,  
bringing with him excellent letters of introduction, and,  
sometime after, learning that the African Association were  
anxious to renew an attempt at discovery on the north  
side of Africa, in making which, their traveller, Mr.  
Horneman, had lately died, Burckhardt made an offer of his  
services to Sir Joseph Banks and the Rev. Dr. Hamilton.  
Finding him undismayed by the strong representation of  
danger which it was necessary to make, and admirably  
adapted to the undertaking by his natural and acquired  
talents, as well as by the vigour of his constitution, his  
offer was willingly accepted. On the 25th of January,  
1809, Burckhardt received his instructions. He had dili-  
gently employed himself in the study of the Arabic lan-  
guage, and those branches of science which were most ne-  
cessary in the situation wherein he was about to be placed.  
He allowed his beard to grow and assumed the oriental  
dress; he attended lectures on chemistry, astronomy, mi-  
neralogy, medicine, and surgery, and, in the intervals of  
his studies, he exercised himself by long journeys on foot,  
bareheaded, in the heat of the sun, sleeping upon the  
ground, and living upon vegetables and water.

He left England in March, 1809, proceeded to Malta,  
and from thence to Aleppo. He remained two years and a



half in Syria, principally at Aleppo: making daily additions to his practical knowledge of the Arabic language, and to his experience of the character of oriental and of Mohammedan society and manners. An account of his travels in Syria, as detailed in his letter to the secretary of the African Association, is given in the memoirs of his life, prefixed to this work.

From Aleppo he went to Damascus, and to Cairo. From the latter place he made an excursion into the Nubian Desert, and succeeded in penetrating to the banks of the Astaboras, and from thence crossed the desert to Souakin, on the shore of the Red Sea. This and a former journey along the Nile, towards Dongola, were the only travels in the unexplored regions of the interior of Africa, which he was destined to accomplish; but they led to a tour in Arabia, which was productive of information not less interesting, and scarcely less original than that which he collected in his Nubian journeys.

Burckhardt's knowledge of the Arabic language, and of Mohammedan manners, enabled him to reside at Mecca during the whole time of the pilgrimage; and, after undergoing examination by two learned professors, he was pronounced not only a true but a very learned Mussulman. The health of our traveller was now much on the decline: his last excursion was to mount Sinai, after this he remained in Cairo hoping to recover strength, and occupying himself in various papers for the Association. His constitution was however too deeply injured, nor could the attention of a skilful English physician restore it: he died at Cairo in October, 1817.

The Travels now published, are those of Mr. Burckhardt, in Nubia, with his information on the north eastern part of Africa: but it is the intention of the Association to continue the publication of his remarks on other countries. The first part of this work, is his journey along the banks of the Nile, from Assouan to Mahass, on the frontiers of Dongala. From this, and indeed from the whole of his journal, our extracts will necessarily be desultory. Assouan must once have been a town of some note, since it is said, that, in the year 806 of the Mahomedan era, twenty-one thousand persons died of the plague in it. Speaking of this place our author notices a singular circumstance:—

'At the time of my visit, the Nubians belonging to Assouan were at war with their southern neighbours, occasioned by the latter having intercepted a vessel laden with dates, knowing it to belong to a merchant of Assouan. A battle had been fought opposite Philæ, a few days before my arrival, in which a pregnant woman was killed by a stone; for whenever the Nubians are engaged in skirmishes, their women join the party, and furiously attack each other, armed with slings. The southern party, to whom the deceased belonged, was now demanding from their enemies the debt of blood, not only of the woman, but of the child also which she bore in her womb at the time of her death. This the latter refused to pay, and being the weaker in numbers, and there being no garrison at Assouan to support them, the men thought proper to retire from the field; they abandoned the villages nearest to Philæ, leaving only their women and female children, and retired with the males to Assouan. On my return from Mahass, peace had not yet been restored; the Nubians were still at Assouan, where a caravan of women arrived daily, with provisions for their husbands.'

There are very few animals along the banks of the Nile; the cattle of the Nubians consists of cows, sheep, and goats; and, sometimes, a few buffaloes are met with:—

'The birds of Nubia are a small species of partridge, with red legs, which sometimes afforded me a welcome supper; wild geese of the largest kind, a few storks, the eagle Rakhham, crows in vast numbers, the bird Katta, but in small flights, and clouds of sparrows, which are the terror of the Nubians, as they devour at least one third of the harvest. A species of lapwing is also extremely common. It is the head of this bird which is represented in the hieroglyphic figures upon the augural staff; at least so it appeared to me, whenever I saw the bird displaying its crest. A white water-bird, of the size of a large goose, called kork, by the natives, inhabits the sandy islands in the Nile, in flocks of several hundreds together, but I could never get near enough to examine any of them. The bird zakzak, frequently seen in Upper Egypt, which is said to creep into the crocodile's mouth, and to feed upon the digested food which that animal throws up from its stomach, does not visit Nubia; neither did I see any bird of the shape of the ibis.

'On the sandy shore, on the west side of the Nile, are numberless beetles, (scarabæi,) of great variety in size and shape; I often found the sandy road on that side completely covered with the traces of their feet. The Nubians, who call them kafers, or infidels, dread them, from a belief that they are venomous, and that they poison whatever kind of food they touch. Their colour is generally black, and the largest I have seen were of the size of a half-crown piece. The worship paid to this animal by the ancient Egyptians, may probably have had its origin in Nubia; it might well be adopted as a symbol of passive resignation to the decrees of providence; for it is impossible, from the sandy mounds which they inhabit, that these beetles can ever taste water, and the food they partake of must be very scanty; they are, however, always seen busily and unweariedly toiling their way over the sands.'

Of Ibrim, the Aga of which is independent of the governors of Nubia, our author gives the following gratifying account, so far as regards their honesty:—

'The people of Ibrim are often at war with the governors of Nubia, and although comparatively few in number, are a match for the latter; being all well provided with fire-arms. They are white, compared with the Nubians, and still retain the features of their ancestors, the Bosnian soldiers, who were sent to garrison Ibrim, by the great Sultan Selym. They all dress in coarse linen gowns, and most of them wear something like a turban: "We are Turks," they say, "and not Nubas." As they are not under absolute subjection to their Aga, and independent of every other power, quarrels are very frequent among them. They have a hereditary Kady: blood is revenged by blood; no commutation in money being accepted for it when death ensues; but all wounds have their stated fines, according to the parts of the body upon which they are inflicted. A similar law prevails among the Syrian Bedouins. When a Turk of Ibrim marries, he presents his wife with a wedding dress, and gives her besides, a written bond for three or four hundred piastres, half of which sum is paid to her in case of a divorce. Divorces, however, are very rare. At a wedding, a cow or a calf is killed; for to eat mutton upon such an occasion would be a great scandal to the spouse.

'In no part of the eastern world, in which I have travelled, have I ever found property in such perfect security as in Ibrim. The inhabitants leave the Dhourra in heaps on the field, without a watch, during the night; their cattle feed on the banks of the river, without any one to tend them; and the best parts of the household furniture are left all night under the palm-trees around their dwelling; in short, the people agreed in saying, that theft was quite unknown in their territory. It ought, however, to be added, that the Nubians, in general, are free from the vice of pilfering.'

At the camp of the Nubian governors, Mr. Burckhardt experienced some difficulty, and was actually compelled to change his route:—



When I reached the camp of Mohammed Kashef, he was not present, but occupied with his brother, in taking possession of the castle. His people crowded round me and my guide, desirous to know what business had brought me among them, and supposing that I belonged to the suite of two Mamelouk Begg, of whose arrival at Derr they had already been apprized. Shortly afterwards, Mohammed came over from the opposite bank with his suite, and I immediately went to salute him. Born of a Darfour slave, his features resembled those of the inhabitants of Soudan, but without any thing of that mildness which generally characterizes the Negro countenance. On the contrary, his physiognomy indicated the worst disposition; he rolled his eyes at me like a madman; and, having drank copiously of palm-wine at the castle, he was so intoxicated, that he could hardly keep on his legs. All his people now assembled in and around his open hut; the vanquished rebels likewise came, and two large goat skins of palm wine were brought in, which was served out to the company in small cups, neatly made of calabashes; a few only spoke Arabic; the Kashef himself could scarcely make himself understood: but I clearly found that I was the topic of conversation. The Kashef, almost in a state of insensibility, had not yet asked me who I was, or what I came for. In the course of half an hour, the whole camp was drunk: musquets were then brought in, and a feu-de-joie fired, with ball, in the hut where we were sitting. I must confess, that at this moment I repented of having come to the camp, as a gun might have been easily levelled at me, or a random ball have fallen to my lot. I endeavoured several times to rise, but was always prevented by the Kashef, who insisted upon my getting drunk with him; but, as I never stood more in need of my senses, I drank very sparingly. Towards noon, the whole camp was in a profound sleep; and, in a few hours after, the Kashef was sufficiently sober to be able to talk rationally to me. I told him that I had come into Nubia, to visit the ancient castles of Ibrim and Say, as being the remains of the empire of Sultan Selym; that I had had recommendations from Esne to himself and his two brothers, and that I had come to Mahass merely to salute him and his brother, conceiving that I should be guilty of a breach of good manners if I quitted Say without paying my respects to them. Unfortunately, my letters from Esne, addressed to the three brothers, were in the hands of Hassan Kashef, who would not return them to me when I quitted Derr, saying, that I should not want them, as he had not given me permission to go beyond Sukkot. My story was, in consequence, not believed: "You are an agent of Mohammed," said the Kashef's Arabic secretary; "but, at Mahass, we spit at Mohammed Aly's beard, and cut off the heads of those who are enemies to the Mamelouks." I assured him that I was not an enemy of the Mamelouks, and that I had waited upon the two begs at Derr, who had received me very civilly. The evening passed in sharp inquiries on the one side, and evasive answers on the other: and the Kashef sat up late, with his confidants, to deliberate what was to be done with me, while I took post, with my camels, under cover, behind his hut. No one had the slightest idea that I was an European, nor did I, of course, boast of my origin, which I was resolved to disclose only under the apprehension of imminent danger. In the night a messenger was sent across the river to learn Hosseyn Kashef's opinion respecting my arrival.

It will here, perhaps, be asked, why I did not travel in Nubia as a merchant; the answer is, that merchants travel as far as Mahass only, with slave caravans; they are, besides, obliged to tarry long in the countries they pass through, which was contrary to my views. I might, indeed, have carried merchandize with me, sufficient to purchase one or two slaves; but the people would then have said that it was not worth while to come to Mahass to make such a purchase, the profits upon which would not counterbalance the expenses of the journey from Esne and back again; and I should have thus been still suspected of being sent on a secret mission. On the other hand, had I carried goods with me equal to the

value of half a dozen slaves, contributions would, in all probability, have been levied upon me by the governors, and I should have been detained much longer than I could have wished.

The Sheygya Arabs are an interesting people, and form the most powerful state to the north of Sennaar. They are at present divided into many tribes:—

These different people are continually at war with each other, and their youth make plundering excursions as far as Darfour, to the west, and Wady Halfa, to the north. They all fight on horseback, in coats of mail, which are sold to them by the merchants of Suakin and Sennaar. Fire-arms are not common among them, their only weapons being a lance, target, and sabre; they throw the lance to a great distance with much dexterity, and always carry four or five lances in the left hand, when charging an enemy. They are all mounted on Dongola stallions, and are as famous for their horsemanship as the Mamelouks were in Egypt; they train their horses to make violent springs with their hind legs when galloping; their saddles resemble the drawings I have seen of those of Abyssinia, and, like the Abyssinian horsemen, they place the great toe only in the stirrup. It is from the Sheygya that the people of Mahass are supplied with saddles.

The Sheygya are a perfectly independent people, and possess great wealth, in corn and cattle; like the Bedouins of Arabia, they pay no kind of tribute to their chiefs, whose power is by no means so great as that of the chiefs of Dongola. They are renowned for their hospitality; and the person of their guest, or companion, is sacred. If the traveller possesses a friend among them, and has been plundered on the road, his property will be recovered, even if it has been taken by the king. They all speak Arabic exclusively, and many of them write and read it. Their learned men are held in great respect by them; they have schools, wherein all the sciences are taught which form the course of Mohammedan study, mathematics and astronomy excepted. I have seen books, copied at Merawe, written in as fine a hand as that of the scribes of Cairo. Whenever young men are sent to them from the adjacent countries for instruction, the chief of the Olema distributes them amongst his acquaintances, in whose houses they are lodged and fed for as many years as they choose to remain.

On our author's return, he examined the various antiquities he met with. The great quantity of pottery he met with in Egypt, he thus accounts for; he is speaking of El Mebarraka:—

There are large mounds of rubbish, and fragments of pottery, in this place. Several travellers have expressed their astonishment at the immense heaps of rubbish, consisting chiefly of pottery, which are met with on the sites of ancient Egyptian towns; and, if we are to attribute their formation to the accumulation of the fragments of earthen vessels used by the inhabitants for domestic purposes, they are, indeed, truly surprizing; but I ascribe their origin to another cause. In Upper Egypt, the walls of the peasants' houses are very frequently constructed in part, of jars placed one over the other, and cemented together with mud; in walls of inclosures, or in such as require only a slight roof, the upper part is generally formed of the same materials; in the parapets also of the flat-roofed houses, a double or triple row of red pots, one over the other, usually runs round the terrace, to conceal the females of the family when walking upon it. Pots are preferred to brick, because the walls formed of them are lighter, more quickly built, and have a much neater appearance. They possess, likewise, another advantage, which is, that they cannot be pierced at night by robbers, without occasioning noise, by the pots falling down, and thus awakening the inmates of the dwelling, while bricks can be removed silently, one by one, as is often done by nightly depredators, who break into the houses in this manner. If, then, we suppose that pot walls were in common use by the ancient inhabitants, the



large mounds of broken pottery may be satisfactorily accounted for. As for stone, it seems to have been as little used for the private habitations of the ancient Egyptians, as it is at the present day.'

(To be continued.)

*Letters from Palestine, descriptive of a Tour through Galilee and Judea, with some Account of the Dead Sea and of Jerusalem.* 8vo. pp. 251. London, 1819.

ALTHOUGH this is not a work of great merit, yet it is by no means destitute of interest, and it possesses an appearance of genuineness which does not always belong to works of this class. These letters, indeed, partake more of the character of a private correspondence than that of being originally intended for the public eye. The author left Tripoli in August, 1817, and proceeded to Tyre and Acre; of the former city he thus speaks:—

'Of this once-powerful mistress of the ocean there now exists scarcely any traces. Some miserable cabins arranged in irregular lines, dignified with the name of streets, and a few buildings of a rather better description, occupied by the officers of the government, compose nearly the whole of the town. It still makes indeed some languishing efforts at commerce, and contrives to export, annually, to Alexandria, cargoes of silk and tobacco, but the account merits no consideration. "The noble dust of Alexander, traced by the imagination till found stopping a beer-barrel," would scarcely afford a stronger contrast of grandeur and debasement than Tyre, at the period of its being besieged by that conqueror, and the modern town of Tsour, erected on its ashes.

'The small shell-fish, which formerly supplied a tint to adorn the robe of kings and magistrates, has either totally disappeared, or, from the facility of procuring a dye by another process, become an object of comparatively little value. I have observed, on several places, on the Asiatic coast of the Mediterranean, something resembling a muscle, which, on being pressed, discharged a pink fluid; but the colour was not of that brilliant hue which is described as peculiar to the shell-fish on the coast near Tyre; the liquor in these was contained in a small white vein, placed near the centre of the jaw. The colour of the fluid was not universally red; on the African coast it was of a dark violet, and hence, probably, arose the indiscriminate application of the term "purple."

The city of Nazareth (which our author visited as well as most of the places connected with Sacred History and the Life of Christ) consists of a collection of small houses built of white stone, and scattered in irregular clusters towards the foot of a hill which rises in a circular sweep, so as almost to encompass it. The population of Nazareth, which is chiefly Christian, does not exceed twelve or fourteen hundred souls. The church consecrated to the service of the religious, is preserved with great neatness, but it has no architectural embellishments.

'The scene of interview between the angel Gabriel and the wife of Joseph is marked by an altar, erected in a recess a few feet below the principal aisle of the church. Behind this are two apartments, which belonged also to the house of the reputed father of the Messiah. Their appearance is sufficiently antique to justify the date, and there is no great violence to probability, from the nature of their situation, in the account delivered of their former appropriation. But the monk who attended to point out the different objects usually held sacred, injured the effect of his narrative by intermixing a fabulous statement of the flight of one part of the edifice to Loretto!

'The place where Joseph exercised his art is about one hundred yards from the church; it was originally circular, but a segment only remains, the greater part having been de-

molished by the Turks; an altar is erected near the entrance. Not far from thence is the school, where Christ received the first rudiments of his education from the Jewish masters; and near to this last, but in the opposite road, is a small chapel, inclosing the fragment of a robe on which our Saviour is supposed, on some occasion, to have spread his fare and shared it with his disciples. An inscription, affixed to the walls, intimates it to have been consecrated by the presence of Christ, both before and subsequent to his resurrection.'

The emotions of a traveller, on entering Palestine, are thus described, and we doubt not their truth:—

'The first sensations which fill the visitor of Palestine, are those of lassitude and dejection; but as he progressively advances in these sacred precincts, and perceives an interminable plain spread out on all sides, these sensations are eventually succeeded by feelings more exalted. A mixed emotion of surprise and awe takes possession of his faculties, which, far from depressing the spirit, elevates the mind, and gives vigour to the heart. The stupendous scenes that are every where unfolded, announce to the spectator that he surveys those regions which were once the chosen theatre of wonders. The burning climate, the impetuous eagle, the blighted fig-tree—all the poetry, all the painting of the sacred writings, are present to his view. Each venerable name reminds him of some mysterious agent;—every valley seems to proclaim the warnings of futurity—every mountain to re-echo the hallowed accents of inspiration! *The dread voice of THE ETERNAL HIMSELF has sounded on these shores!*

From the account of Jerusalem, which is too much interspersed with historical recollections, we select the following description of our Saviour's tomb:—

'The tomb of our Saviour is inclosed in a church to which it has given name, and appears in the centre of a rotunda, whose summit is crowned by a radiant cupola. Its external appearance is that of a superb mausoleum, having the surface covered with rich crimson damask hangings, striped with gold. The entrance looks towards the east, but immediately in front, a small chapel has been erected to commemorate the spot, where the angel appeared to the two Marys. Just beyond this is the vault in which the Redeemer submitted to a temporary interment; the door of admission is very low, probably to prevent its being entered otherwise than in the attitude of adoration. The figure of the cave is nearly square, extending rather more than six feet lengthways, and being within a few inches of the same in width; the height, I should imagine, to be about eight feet; the surface of the rock is lined with marble, and hung with silk of the colour of the firmament. At the north side, on a slab raised about two feet, the body of our Saviour was deposited; the stone, which had been much injured by the devotional zeal of the different pilgrims, is now protected with a marble covering; it is strewn with flowers and bedewed with rose-water, and over it are suspended four and forty lamps, which are ever burning. The greater part of these are of silver, richly chased: a few are of gold, and were furnished by the different sects of Christianity who divide the possession of the church.

'The stone on which the body of Christ was laid to be anointed, is immediately in front of the entrance; eight lamps are suspended over it, and at each extremity there are three large wax tapers several feet in height. The distance from the sepulchre to the place where the cross was erected, does not exceed forty of my paces; Captain B. made the distance forty-three yards; his measurement is probably the most accurate. From the tomb to the place of Christ's appearance to the Magdalen, the distance is sixteen yards and a half.

'The exterior of the sepulchre is covered with white satin, variegated with broad leaves embroidered in red silk, and striped with gold; the vestibule is lined with crimson silk, worked with flowers and surmounted by a dome, beneath which three rows of silver lamps are kept constantly burning. A tripod supports the stone, on which the angel is believed to



have reclined; its surface is only one span and a half long, and one broad. The sepulchre is lined with marble, and covered with light blue silk, powdered with white flowers. Just over the part where the body was deposited is a small painting, apparently well executed; it is the production of a Spanish artist, and represents our Saviour's emersion from the grave.'

-Passing over, not the Jordan, but our author's account of it, we come to his notice of the Dead Sea, which is much at variance with the accounts of preceding travellers, particularly Count Forbin, who analysed some of its water, and declares that 'it has no bitumenous or ill-scented flavour,' and that its specific gravity is such, 'that a man may easily float in it without an effort to swim\*.' Our author, speaking of the Dead Sea, says,—

'Among the fabulous properties attributed to this lake, the specific gravity of the water has been stated to be such as to be capable of supporting the heaviest material substance. I found it very little more buoyant than other seas, but considerably warmer, and so strongly impregnated with sulphur that I left it with a violent headache and swollen eyes. I should add, however, that where I made the experiment the descent of the beach was so gently gradual, that I must have waded above a hundred yards to get completely out of my depth; and the impatience of the Arabians would not allow sufficient time for an extensive effort.'

Our author, after quitting Jerusalem, visited the site of the tombs of the Maccabees, and afterwards Jaffa, Gaza, Damiëta, and El Arisch, and several other places, of which former travellers have treated abundantly. Of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, and the ceremony of their consecration, we quote our author in conclusion:—

'This order was originally instituted by the kings of France, towards the close of the eleventh century, who granted to the companions several immunities;—the decoration is a miniature representation of what has since been called the Jerusalem Cross, consisting of five cross gules, designed to typify the five wounds, which lacerated the feet, hands, and side, of our Saviour.

'The statutes ordain that none shall be considered eligible to this degree who are not of the Catholic communion, and the aspirants are expressly required to be persons of birth, and possessed of sufficient property to support the rank of gentleman without engaging in commercial speculations. Each individual solemnly engages daily to hear mass, unless prevented by circumstances over which he has no control—to give his personal service or provide a substitute, in all wars undertaken against the infidels, and to oppose, with his utmost energy, every species of hostility against the church. The members further bind themselves to avoid all unjust motives of litigation, to eschew fraudulent gain, and to abstain from private duels, refrain from imprecations, perjury, murder, rapine, blasphemy, sacrilege, and usury; to flee all suspected places, to shun the society of infamous persons, and to live chastely and irreproachably; evincing, at once, by their actions and conversation, that they are not unworthy of the rank to which they have been elevated. Finally, they are required to employ their best offices in reconciling dissensions, to defend the fatherless and widow, and to ameliorate, as far as in them lies, the condition of their species; using their best means to extend the glory of God, and promote the welfare of mankind.

'This oath being taken, the candidate for knighthood kneels before the entrance of our Saviour's tomb, where the Father Guardian laying his hand upon his head, exhorts him to be "loyal and virtuous, befitting a valorous soldier of Christ, and an undaunted champion of that Holy Sepulchre." With this adjuration he delivers to him some spears and a

drawn sword, the same which is supposed to have been worn by Godfrey, and he is admonished to use it in his personal defence, as well as in asserting the rights of the church, and in opposing the oppressing tyranny of the infidels; the scymetar is then sheathed and the novice is girt with that ancient weapon. At this part of the ceremony, he quits, for a moment, his suppliant attitude, and, having returned the sword to the Guardian, prostrates himself at the foot of the sepulchre, and, reclining his forehead on the vestibule, receives the accolade of chivalry, accompanied by these expressions—"I ordain thee a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the name of THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST." The Guardian then kisses his cheek, and hangs around his neck a chain of gold links—"links of every virtue and of every grace." From this chain the cross is dependant. The new chevalier rises, and, having reverently saluted the sepulchre, closes the ceremony by restoring his ornamental investment to the hands of its venerable proprietor.'

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*Anastasius; or, Memoirs of a Greek: written at the Close of the Eighteenth Century.*

(Concluded.)

IN our last notice of this work, we left our entertaining hero with his old master Mavroyeni, with whom he had renewed an acquaintance more intimate than when the one was a Drogueman and the other his servant. Mavroyeni expressed great friendship for Anastasius, and first offered him the situation of Divan Effendee; next, that of Besh-lee Aga, in which office he would command a troop of Janissaries, see the orders of the Sultan carried to distant provinces, and preside in a court of justice to decide all differences between Mohammedans and Rajahs, according to the Mussulman code; and, although Mavroyeni feared that Anastasius might not be very well qualified for the office of judge, yet he encouraged him by saying, 'Where God gives an employment, he gives the requisite capacity,' adding, for instruction:—

'You will do like all the rest; provide yourself with a clerk who gets less pay and knows more of the business than his principal; and, in every doubtful case of law, always presume the Mohammedan to be in the right, and give verdict in his favour.'

Anastasius did not much relish this employment, and was, therefore, offered one more congenial to his disposition, that of commanding the Arnoots in the approaching war with the Austrians. In this service he acquitted himself well, but Mavroyeni fell into disgrace and received the bow-string. He had previously consulted Anastasius whether he should commit suicide or await the executioner:—

"Sir," answered I, [Anastasius] gravely, "we all know that a king, a general, a statesman may, without the smallest scruple, sacrifice to a mistaken piece of policy, a foolish pique, or a silly point of honour, as many unwilling victims as the object requires. In the like manner we are told that even a private gentleman may sacrifice a certain fraction of his own body,—an arm, a leg, or both,—provided it be to secure greater durability to the paltry parts preserved. We are even assured by grave divines, that both potentates and private gentry may make themselves defunct on earth to every social duty, by becoming monks or anchorites,—and be highly praised for the deed: but, however troublesome a man's existence may be to himself and to others; however greatly his voluntary removal might oblige all the world; however much his death would be a private and a public benefit, none dare dispose of their sum total of life, or remove their entire being

\* See *Literary Chronicle*, vol. i, p. 294.



from a worse to a better world. This act, which might do the performer much good, and could injure no one else, is precisely deemed of all crimes the most heinous."

We cannot follow our entertaining hero through the whole of his adventures, as we have already extended our account of him to an unusual length, we shall, therefore, only notice a few of the most prominent events or best written passages in the third volume. Anastasius again visited Constantinople, and, on approaching the Cemetery, at Scutari, he began to moralize—how well, let the following extract determine:—

'A dense and motionless cloud of stagnant vapours ever shrouds these dreary realms. From afar a chilling sensation informs the traveller that he approaches their dark and dismal precincts; and as he approaches them, an icy blast, rising from their inmost bosom, rushes forth to meet his breath, suddenly strikes his chest, and seems to oppose his progress. His very horse snuffs up the deadly effluvia with signs of manifest terror, and, exhaling a cold sweat, advances reluctantly over a hollow shaking ground, which loudly re-echoes his slow and fearful step. So long and so busily has time been at work to fill this spot with the sad relics of mortality,—so repeatedly has Constantinople poured into this ultimate receptacle almost its whole contents, that the capital of the living, spite of its immense population, scarce counts a single inhabitant for every ten silent inmates of this city of the dead. Already do its fields of mouldering bodies, and its gardens of blooming sepulchres, in every direction stretch far away cross the brow of the hills, and the hollow of the vallies: already are the avenues which cross each other on every side in this domain of death, so lengthened, that the weary stranger, from whatever point he comes, has to travel many a mile between endless rows of marshalled tombs, shaded by mournful cypresses, ere he reaches his journey's seemingly receding end: and yet every year does this common patrimony of all the heirs to decay, still exhibit a rapidly encreasing size, a fresh and wider line of boundary, and a new belt of young plantations, growing up between new flower beds of graves.

'As I sped through this awful repository, the ranges of sepulchres, terminating in evanescent points, rose to the right and the left on my passage,—only for an instant to strike my sight, and then again to disappear, and to make room for new ones,—in such rapid and yet such unceasing succession, that at last I fancied some spell possessed my soul, some fascination kept locked my senses; and I hurried on with accelerated rapidity, as if the end of these melancholy abodes was to be the end of my waking delusion. Nor was it until, near the verge of the funeral forest through which I had been pacing for a full hour, the brighter light of a gayer landscape again gleamed athwart the ghost-like trees, that I stopped to look round, and to take a more leisurely survey of the ground I had traversed.

"There," said I to myself, "lie, scarce one foot beneath the surface of a soil, swelling, and ready on every point to burst with its festering contents, more than half the generations whom death has continued for near four centuries to mow down in the capital of the Turkish empire. There lie, side by side, on the same level, in cells the size of their bodies, and only distinguished by a marble turban, somewhat longer or deeper,—somewhat rounder or squarer,—personages in life far as heaven and earth asunder, in birth, in station, in gifts of nature, and in long laboured acquirements. There lie, sunk alike in their last sleep,—alike food for the loathsome worm,—the conqueror who filled the universe with his name, and the peasant scarce known in his own hamlet: Sultan Mahmoud, and Sultan Mahmoud's perhaps more deserving horse; elders bending under the weight of years, and infants of a single hour; men with intellects of angels, and men with understandings inferior to those of brutes; the beauty of Georgia, and the black of Sennaar; Visiers, beggars, heroes, and women. There, perhaps, mingle their insensible dust,

the corrupt judge and the innocent he condemned, the murdered man and his murderer, the adulteress and her injured husband, the master and his meanest slave. There vile insects consume the hand of the artist, the brain of the philosopher, the eye which sparkled with celestial fire, and the lip from which flowed irresistible eloquence! All the soil pressed by me for the last two hours, once was animated like myself; all the mould which now clings to my feet, once formed limbs and features like my own! Like myself, all this black unseemly dust once thought, and willed, and moved!—And I, creature of clay like those here buried; I, who travel through life as I do on this road, with the remains of past generations strewed around me; I who, whether my journey last a few hours more or less, must still, like those here deposited, in a short time rejoin the silent tenants of some cluster of tombs, be stretched out by the side of some already sleeping corpse, and be left to rest, for the remainder of time, with all my hopes and fears—all my faculties and prospects,—on a cold couch of clammy earth;—shall I leave the rose to blush along my path unheeded, the purple grape to wither over my head? and in the idle pursuit of some dream of distant grandeur that may delude me while I live, spurn all the delights which invite my embrace?—Far from my thoughts be such folly! Whatever tempts let me take: whatever bears the name of enjoyment, henceforth, let me, while I can, make my own!"

Near Brossa, he afterwards met, among the tombs, a man laden with a sack full of dead men's bones. He proved to be,

'Sub-deacon to one of the monasteries on the Agios Oros; he was, with his archimandrite, on an eleemosinary tour, and happening, at the last place of halting, to examine their stock of relics, the worthy pair had found it run so low as to require replenishing. The nearest burying ground offered the readiest means; and the contents of the bag were nothing more than a few straggling bones of Turks, picked up in the said repository, to compose a fresh assortment of Christian relics.'

An illicit amour which Anastasius had with Euphrosyné, a lady of some rank in Smyrna, and whom he shamelessly abandoned, was productive of a child; Euphrosyné died soon after she quitted the house of Anastasius, leaving her child to the care of the peasant under whose humble roof she breathed her last. Anastasius sought the child, and discovered it, and having sold the remaining trinkets he possessed, deposited their produce for the maintenance of his son, going in quest of other adventures to maintain himself.

After passing some time among the Arabs, to whom Anastasius had been sent, he married the sister of a Bedoween Oman, to whom he had become much attached. His account of the motions of an Arab tribe are worth extracting:—

'Never was disorder equal to that which our camp now presented. The group of watch dogs first alarmed, had, by their howlings, gradually set barking all the remainder in the most opposite quarters; whence, with the certainty of being attacked on some point, we knew not in the least where to direct our defence, ran like blind people to the sound, and left the guidance of our motions entirely to chance. Sometimes thinking ourselves in contact with the enemy, when farthest from the point of his attack, and at others fancying our assailants a mile off when in the midst of their troop, our offensive and our defensive operations were equally ill-timed; half the night we fought with empty space, and the other half pursued our own comrades. The watch dogs themselves, bewildered by the engagement, and no longer distinguishing in the fray between friends and foes, fell on both alike, and not only by their incessant yells so increased the horrors of the fight, but



by their savage fury so augmented the bloodshed, that we were obliged to kill several of our old guardians, now unwittingly become our destroyers. As, however, every instant brought from the interior of the camp fresh supplies to the scene of action, we contrived to make a stout defence, without sensibly losing ground.

Mean time, the portion of the tribe not engaged in its protection, was no less busily employed in its removal. Some were taking down the tents, others putting up the utensils and baggage, others again loading the beasts of burthen—while here and there a party stole out, and, unseen by the hostile troop, drove the cattle into the part of the desert most out of reach of danger. Thus, in less than two hours, the whole camp was broken up, and on the move. The combatants on our side hereupon began to slacken their exertions, and to keep up a more retreating skirmish. This was the easier, as the enemy himself, finding an unlooked for resistance, seemed more anxious to secure the booty made, than to incur fresh blows in trying to make further prizes, and testified a great desire to slink quietly away, ere the dawn should discover his weakness, and increase our strength by reinforcements from the neighbouring camp. Thus, while we fell back in one direction, our assailants did the same in the other; and several times we were greatly tempted to wheel about, and to attempt the recovery of our captured equipages; but the fear of a surprise overcame this desire. Continuing our retrograde movement unslackened while darkness lasted, we compassed a distance of near six leagues from the place of combat, before the incipient dawn threw any light upon our condition. The first rays of the sun shewed the whole plain, as far as the eye could reach, covered with camels and other beasts of burthen, pacing singly or in small groups, loaded with tents, luggage, women, and children, and intermixed with droves of oxen and flocks of sheep, who were every moment endeavouring to stop and to graze, unconscious of danger. The horsemen, who thus far had kept together in tolerably close order, now fell asunder like a bundle of untied sticks, and set off at full speed each for some different point of the compass; so that presently nothing was seen in every direction but warriors crossing each other at full speed, like shooting stars: each seeking, among the widely dispersed apparatus of the camp, his own family furniture and equipages.

Anastasius soon lost his Bedoween wife; and, after serving in various Arab tribes, he gained comparative opulence. He then determined to learn that mode of life, and assumed the sacred garb of a Turkish Santon, a sort of itinerant saints, who travel about living on the credulity and superstition of the lower orders. In this disguise he pushed on and reached Acre, where he could not but notice the mutilated state of the inhabitants:—

‘The first face I met in the city appeared short of its nose;—I had witnessed that deficiency elsewhere. The next was minus an eye;—that, too, is sometimes seen in other countries:—but the third had no ears; the fourth no lips; and there seemed to be walking about as many people possessed of one hand only as of two. At last, meeting a man whom I was not afraid to question on this local singularity, in as much as—by some singular piece of good luck apparently—he still retained the possession of his full set of limbs and features, I civilly accosted him, expressed my joy at seeing his eyes, ears, nose, mouth, &c. all complete; and, finally, begged to ask how it had happened that this occurrence was so rare at Acre?’

“You are a stranger,” answered the man, “and know not yet, it seems, the mark of our master,—it is by these peculiarities our shepherd knows his flock. Saint as you appear, let me advise even you, in this place, to take care of your ears.”

After various journeyings, Anastasius became anxious to recover his child, which had been removed from Smyrna; he at length found it at Alexandria, in the fa-

mily of the consul, where it had been left by a woman who professed to be his mother, and had since married. He resided near the consular mansion, for the pleasure of seeing his infant Alexis; and once, on following the nurse, who had walked out with it, and kissing it, the nurse screamed, and the child was torn away from him. From that hour he saw his darling boy no more for some time.

Anastasius now hit on a singular scheme to gain possession of his child; it was no other than that of setting fire to the consul's house, in the hopes of seizing Alexis as the nurse should bring him out. Having placed his myrmidons in readiness, and placed fuel near particular parts of the mansion,—the fire was lighted, and soon blazed forth with great fury, and a string of females began to leave the house.

‘The Consul herself led the van, enveloped in a loose wrapper. Immediately after came my Alexis, still half asleep, in the arms of his nurse. A set of pale and ghastly attendants, screaming to attract notice, brought up the rear.

‘No time was to be lost:—while my trusty attendants darted across the way to break the line of the procession, and to insulate the nurse, I sprung forward to snatch away the child: but already had my figure caught the eye of his ever-watchful guardian. She gave her usual warning scream, and instinctively all the other women echoed the yell. The concert brought around us all the by-standers who had gradually collected, and who, seeing a tall fellow lay hold of an infant and carry it off, stopped not to ask by what right I did it, but immediately set up after me a general cry and pursuit.

‘For rendering it ineffectual I relied on my agility, assisted by the deep shadows of the night: but the pursuing troop was too near, and at every step I advanced, its numbers were increased by all those who, running to the fire, met us on the way, and turned back to join the chase. The only thing I could do was to draw my yatagan, and, while I tried with one arm to shield my child from the incessant shower of stones, with the other to brandish my weapon, and to beat off the pelting mob. Sometimes, in order to prevent being closed in upon, I was obliged to face about and to make a few passes, calculated to teach those who came too near their proper distance: but in so doing a sharp pebble hit my lovely infant's face, and made the blood gush in streams from his cheek. At this sight I grew desperate: my strength seemed to increase tenfold; and at every stroke of my sabre some miscreant was maimed, or bit the ground.

‘What power could resist a father fighting for his child! Terror gradually seized all the nearest rabble: the rest slackened their pace; and a certain interval arose between the pursuers and their intended prey. I was about a dozen yards a-head of the foremost, when the lanthorn, agreed upon as the signal of the boat, began to glimmer on the shore. I now mustered all my remaining strength, and, with only such few windings as were necessary to throw the blood-hounds off the scent, made for the beacon. Many, tired of the chase, had already given in; and a small portion only of the pack still kept yelping at a distance.

‘I, therefore, thought myself safe;—when all at once, between me and the goal, flashed like forked lightning, two sabres, whose wearers, guessing my intention, had by a shorter cut got before me, and were now waiting to cut off my retreat.

‘What was to be done?—An instant I stopped and hesitated: but with a dozen rascals at my heels, and only two in front, I had no choice, and went forward. At the critical moment I suddenly waved my hand, and, as if addressing some friends stationed near, cried out to fire. The expectant pair on this started back, and looked around, while I seized my opportunity, and darted by them like lightning. They soon, however, rallied again, and one actually had his hand on my shoulder, and was at last going to stop my career, when, wheeling half round, I released my person at the expense of



his fingers. The low reef now lay before me under which was moored the boat, and, having scrambled on the platform, I was going to leap to in, when, just at that moment, a loose stone made me slip, and I plunged into the waves between the rock and the barge. My child escaped all injury. Caught by Cirico, who stood on the projecting ledge, waiting my arrival, he was handed safe to the sailors; but his father had less luck. The zeal of the boatmen to disentangle me, making them all press upon the side of the boat under which I lay wedged, their collective weight almost crushed me to death; and I was only extricated with a couple of ribs broken, my chest miserably bruised, and my loins almost pierced through by the sharpness of the rocks.

On their passage they were taken by a Maltese privateer, carried to Maltha, and placed in the lazaretto, where they remained some time. Anastasius then set forth with his son, and hired a speronara to convey them to Sicily. He landed at Messina, proceeded to Naples, and from thence to Rome. His description of the present state of this city is brief, but powerful:—

‘As I approached the ancient mistress of the world, the eternal city, the destroyer of Greece, my heart beat high. But, alas! if he who names Rome names energy, names strength,—he who beholds her, in her present fallen state, beholds nothing but feebleness and imbecility: he beholds the prostrate members of a giant, and corruption at work among their mouldering remains. Sheep graze round the altar where captive monarchs were slaughtered in the name of Jove the great and the good, and silence reigns in that arena where eighty thousand spectators could at once count the pangs of wretches, tortured in frightful reality to represent some ancient fable. The very monuments of a more recent date only arise, like fresher weeds, out of the ashes of former decay;—they are only the fungus, starting forth from the creviced base of some nobler pile, and which, by feeding on that fabric’s substance, achieves its destruction.’

Ancona, Venice and Trieste, were next visited; happy in the possession of his child, Anastasius seemed to want nothing more on earth. That happiness, however, was not of long duration. Alexis sickened and died. This shock was almost too much for him,—the wide world now became devoid of interest, and all future prospects were without life, animation, or sunshine. While on the point of leaving Trieste, he met his old friend, Spiridion. This, however, did not retard his departure. His narrative now draws to a close, and he thus concludes it:—

‘At thirty-five I here complete its last page and sentence. At thirty-five I take leave of all further earthly concerns: at thirty-five I close—never to re-open it—the crowded volume of my toilsome life. In a few weeks, days—perhaps hours—will for ever drop over my person, my actions, and my errors, the dark curtain of death; when nothing will remain of the once vain and haughty Anastasius, but an empty name, and a heap of noisome ashes.’

‘O ye who tread their scattered remnants!—ere you execrate that name, the theme of so much obloquy, remember my sufferings; be merciful to my memory,—and may Heaven’s mercy rest upon yourselves!’

A gentleman named Conrad adds the conclusion. As soon as Anastasius had finished his memoirs, he fell into an irremediable languor. When, however, his ability permitted him to converse, the theme was his adored child; and he died exclaiming, ‘O my Alexis, I come!’

Such is a rapid sketch of one of the most agreeable stories we have ever read; and, extended as our notice of this work has been, we have not been able to do it justice. We now quit it with regret; a regret that a reviewer must

often feel in quitting a favourite author, heightened by the thought that it is to commence a less agreeable acquaintance.

Anastasius is said to own, for its author, Mr. Thomas Hope; and we confess we almost envy him the gratification he must feel in having written a work calculated to yield so much pleasure to every one who peruses it.

*Legitimacy, a Poem; or, Leonard and Louisa: a Tale for the Times.* By John Brown, Esq. the Author of ‘Psyche’, ‘The Stage,’ &c. 12mo. pp. 146. London, 1820.

THIS is an argumentative poem in defence of the ‘right divine and sacredness of kings;’ or, in other words, to shew the advantages of hereditary government. The doctrines, we confess, are rather too *Filmerian* for our taste, but there is much ingenuity in the manner in which they are advocated.

The construction of the poem of *Legitimacy*, reminds us of Goldsmith’s *Deserted Village*; and its plan and tendency much resemble an admirable but less known poem, which appeared in the modern Scottish dialect, about twenty-five years ago, called ‘Scotland’s Scaith.’

Mr. Brown possesses merit as a poet; he has a facility of versification, and, in many instances, an originality of conception which are essential to true poetry; but he is not sufficiently careful in the finishing of his productions, and hence some of the most beautiful passages are often disfigured by a single careless or slovenly expression. There are some writers, particularly poets, and the Ettrick Shepherd is one of the number, who seem so convinced that their lucubrations are the offspring of inspiration, that they deem it a sort of profanation to alter them, even for improvement. Such writers we would remind of Pope’s care in this respect; if they have seen a fac-simile of some of his MSS., they will scarcely disdain to make corrections.

The arguments used by Mr. Brown, in favour of legitimacy, are engrafted on a pretty love tale. A reformer, a radical we suspect, is in love with a clergyman’s daughter; but his politics are much at variance with those of the divine, who remonstrates with him on the erroneous opinions and dangerous doctrines of modern political reformers. Defeated in argument, the lover flies to his deluded companions, to plan and execute a revolution in the country; but at length discovers his errors.—Ashamed to retreat,—and reduced to despair at having abandoned his real friends for unworthy associates, he meditates suicide, but is prevented by the young lady, who had followed him in disguise, and seizes the pistol he had prepared for self-destruction. As a specimen of the descriptive part of the poem, we select the character of the clergyman, with which it commences:—

‘Yon dwelling, low, but exquisitely neat,  
Was once the village clergyman’s retreat;  
A man, whose modest and quiescent worth  
Look’d for its parallel in vain, on earth.  
Throughout, so unambitiously benign,  
He scarcely in the pulpit wished to shine;  
Nor there had wished it, but his bosom feared  
To wrong the Bible, if he cold appeared.  
A small inheritance bespoke him poor,  
Yet principle forbade to make it more;  
He scorn’d to wield the sacerdotal scythe,  
Nor took, in modus nor in kind, a tythe.



His wife, himself, and only daughter fed,  
 He would not preach the word of God for bread :  
 And though their amplest meals were deem'd as fasts,  
 By such as could indulge in rich repasts,  
 Once in the week they all abstain'd from food,  
 To do the poor around a little good.  
 Beautiful truth ! the charitable mite  
 Comes not from heavy purses, but from light ;  
 The rich would richer be—the needy breast  
 Dares future want, and succours the distress'd.  
 His mind with reading and reflection fraught,  
 Though glad to teach, asham'd not to be taught ;  
 Pious, yet pleasant ; steadfast, not severe ;  
 Another Sutton, in a humbler sphere :  
 His thoughts and actions fram'd to correspond ;  
 Grateful for this life, yet with hopes beyond.'

Of the argumentative part we shall also give an extract, only premising that the author endeavours to prove too much :—

“ This love of freedom, ardently display'd,  
 With youth may flourish, but with youth must fade.  
 The blackbird, fresh upon his jetty wing,  
 Round half the globe pursues the wanton spring ;  
 Neglects his food, and sports from tree to tree,  
 Conceiving none, but birds which ramble, free ;  
 But, in his riper years, one narrow spot  
 Gives food and shelter, love of range forgot ;  
 He sports and slumbers on the self same boughs,  
 There chants his morning, there his vesper vows.  
 Banish that bias of the vulgar mind,  
 To think the great the worst of human kind ;  
 Nor fancy all terrestrial evil springs  
 From laws, and those that must enforce them, kings.  
 It is the slender cord, and not the thick,  
 Which cuts the writhing members to the quick ;  
 And of all nations, none less bless'd than they  
 Who live beneath a lax indulgent sway ;  
 The codes of tyranny, despite, abuse,  
 Consult man's happiness beyond the loose,  
 And every code proves tyrannous to him,  
 Whose judgment, appetite, and passion dim ;  
 Who curses regulations that combine  
 To make his actions such as yours and mine.  
 But felons, who corrode their flesh and veins,  
 By fierce endeavours to annul their chains,  
 Must not ascribe their suff'rings to the laws ;  
 Themselves, their wayward natures, are the cause.  
 Roll back your intellectual eye with care  
 On all the mighty commonwealths that were  
 Mark Carthage, Athens, and immortal Rome,  
 And learn to hate their freedom in their doom.  
 Some men would tear all monarchs from their thrones ;  
 When every record, every period owns,  
 That never one was from his empire hurl'd,  
 But ruin fasten'd—fatten'd on the world.  
 The treason done, the realm, with infant haste,  
 Appoints a second, for the first displac'd ;  
 His power as vast—his privilege the same,  
 A king in all things but the empty name.  
 Answer :—beneath a rebel's sway, did France  
 In virtue or in happiness advance ?  
 If in his monarch's blood a Cromwell stain  
 His ruffian fingers, does the nation gain ?  
 Bands of fanatics through the country spread :  
 Religion, letters, science, hide their head.  
 And lo ! that people which the world avow'd  
 The masters of the world—a helpless crowd !  
 In the foul climate of a common-wealth,  
 Wisdom and virtue both decline in health ;  
 Let Aristides, as he signs the shell,  
 A tale to shame the cheek of justice tell ;

And dying Socrates and Phocion blast  
 The fame of Athens, as they breathe their last.”  
 He paus'd, and Leonard, happy to discuss  
 The mighty matter, quick responded thus :  
 “ If man, consider'd in his single state,  
 His actions and his words can regulate,  
 Why in the mass need regulative arts ?  
 The whole must have the wisdom of the parts.  
 Wherefore are men collectively supplied  
 With one enthron'd, to govern and to guide ?  
 If one be requisite, so vast a whole  
 An individual never can controul ;  
 And ev'ry city, hamlet, parish, town,  
 Must have a ruler, must have a crown.”  
 The pastor made reply :—“ If man could dwell  
 Contented, ever in a lonely cell,  
 Without a virtue and without a vice,  
 His reason and his will might then suffice ;  
 He only can commit or ill or good,  
 Who is a member of a multitude.  
 But who shall judge between him and the throng,  
 If he does them, or they do him, a wrong ?  
 Hence the necessity of one to sway  
 More unconcern'd than either he or they ;  
 And if the realm consisted but of six,  
 The five must still upon a ruler fix ;  
 Else art or force, the poison'd bowl or dirk,  
 Would interfere, and execute his work.  
 In feudal times the vassals had their lord,  
 The bad to punish, and the good reward ;  
 And though he govern'd with a rod severe,  
 He was not less respected or less dear :  
 For men, (in this, like lunatics and fools,)  
 Esteem the hand which sternly over-rules :  
 It keeps their movements, as it were, in joint,  
 And binds their wand'ring fancies to a point.  
 —Has not each horde of savages a chief ?  
 Each band of robbers a superior thief ?  
 The very cranes, that hurry thro' the air,  
 Select a leader to conduct them there :  
 But how select ?—which one can be preferr'd ?  
 Are there distinctions then 'twixt bird and bird ?  
 Has one more knowledge, more of native skill,  
 That all the flock are govern'd by his will ?  
 No ; from necessity to choose their choice ;  
 And man in such example may rejoice.  
 The hand of God is palpable in this :  
 An index to the path which leads to bliss.”

It will be seen, that the doctrines inculcated in this poem, are better calculated for the continent than for the meridian of England, which boasts a government of laws, and not of men ; if, however, they reclaim any one from the opposite extreme of revolutionary principles, the author will not have lost his labour.

## Original Communications.

### THE MINOR THEATRES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—It would appear, by two letters which Mr. Glossop, the proprietor of the Coburg Theatre, has addressed to the daily papers, that a new attempt is about to be made by the ‘grand establishments,’ to crush the Minor Theatres, by reducing them to the pantomimic mummery which now, thanks to the improvement in the public taste, would only be tolerated in a booth at Bartholomew Fair.



What legal claim Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres possess to the right of exhibiting, exclusively, every species of composition, from tragedy to pantomime, I know not; for I much question that their charter gives them the authority to crush every rival; and, admitting their patents to give them that right, it would be well to inquire into the circumstances under which they were granted. If I am not mistaken, these patents (indeed it is said that both theatres act under one,) were granted by Charles II. The Stuarts had always been famous for granting monopolies, and, in the present case, when the poor players had been scattered and punished by the puritans of the commonwealth, and to endeavour to collect a company and establish a theatre was a speculation of hazard and difficulty, there was, perhaps, nothing very censurable in granting a patent of protection to those who should engage in it. But will it be contended that, because two theatres, for the performance of the regular drama, were deemed sufficient a century and a half ago; that now, when London has doubled in population, and increased tenfold in extent, that these two theatres are still competent to gratify the public love of the drama, or that they shall compel all its admirers to traverse from the extremes of London to Covent Garden and Drury Lane. As well might the proprietors of those markets which were established in the reign of Charles II, have resisted the erection of any other, and insisted on their right that every thing should be purchased of them only.

I doubt not but that the law is against many of the present performances at the minor theatres, and that a conviction will be obtained against them; but this will, I trust, be the signal for the repeal of a law so illiberal and injurious; for I will not believe that the thousands who, from economy, taste, or convenience, frequent the minor theatres, will view an attempt at their suppression with indifference, or without a petition or remonstrance against it.

The two great houses have long felt jealous at the growing respectability of the minor theatres, and the talents that have been exhibited in them, and have, more than once, with ungenerous avarice, re-produced the very pieces first exhibited at theatres they affect to despise.

It was the proprietor of a minor theatre, Mr. Dibdin, who first appreciated the merit of Mr. Millman's tragedy of *Fazio*, which he produced under the title of the *Italian Wife*, and had played it most successfully at the Surrey Theatre for a whole season, when Covent Garden adopted it. It was the same proprietor of a minor theatre who produced the celebrated 'Heart of Mid-Lothian,' which was played more than a hundred nights, and became more popular when contrasted with the contemptible opera brought out some months after at Covent Garden. I might enumerate several other instances of the advantages of minor theatres; but, as it is a subject on which I intend again to address you, I shall, for the present, take my leave.

I am, sir, &c.

17th Jan. 1820.

DRAMATICUS.

#### RETORT.

'Examples I could cite you more,  
But be contented with these four;  
For when one's proofs are aptly chosen,  
They are as valid as four dozen.'—PRIOR'S ALMA.

'If an artist should want the portrait of a truly fashion-

able old lady, I will give him an audience of my grandma, who, dark as her eyes are, and swarthy her skin, would seclude herself from the world for ever, could she not appear with flaxen hair, blushing cheeks, and a pair of kid gloves just drawn in wrinkles over her wrists: and, numerous as her successors are, it is her highest pride to be handed out of a sedan by some money-hunting fop, who reminds one of a nettle by the trunk of an alder.'

'If a decrepid old gentleman, who has realised a fortune under the blaze of the equinoctial sun, should advertise for a giddy girl, and suffer his fortune to be wasted in extravagance; if a widower should be in search of a fourth wife, to superintend the management of his house and sixteen children, I should ring the bell for my granddaughter, who is just returned from France, to leave her toilet, and tell him, perhaps a fifth matrimonial union will cure his indiscretions, and prepare her for a second in her widowed state, decently informed and partially familiar with feminine duties.'

'My uncle has lived a bachelor sixty years, and is, at last, married privately to his servant girl: thrice he made his will in my favour; I have spent hundreds in caressing him,—I have yielded to his foibles,—I have been sedulous in my attentions, but' —

'But he has disappointed your expectations, he has thwarted your designs, he has banished your hopes; your avarice has pleased you with phantoms,—your faith has been dwelling on uncertainty,—your heart anticipating ideal sunshine, which neither approaches nor warms. He has made a sudden exit from time, and memorialised your name in his will, by cutting you off with a shilling, and the mournful prospect of attending his funeral at your own expense.'

'Why, father, do you wish to appear in public without a collar to your coat, a frill to your shirt, a ring to your finger, spurs to your heels, and novel appendages to your person?'

'For two reasons, my son: first, such an appearance would ill become my years; and, secondly, your extravagance consumes my means. You are the monument of my indulgence, on which reflection inscribes daily mementos of paternal folly.'

'How is it, aunt, that some fine, handsome, rich, good-natured, gentleman does not draw up his coach and four at the garden-gate, and run away to Hymen with me?'

'On many accounts, my dear; but do not regret this, if you are not solicited by a youth whose principles are founded on virtuous affection; desire, rather, to fade cheerfully away in maiden widowhood.'

J. R. P.

#### LORD BYRON.

As every thing that relates to our self-exiled bard will be read with interest, we insert the following brief notice of his Lordship's present pursuits, on the credit of the *Taunton Courier*, in which it appeared last week.

'A gentleman of this town, whose literary ardour and tasteful pursuits have led him to visit most of the capitals and principal towns in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, in his progress, resided some time at Venice. In a principal coffee-house of that city, in the Piazza St. Mark, he found himself in company with Lord Byron, with whom he continued in conversation a considerable time, his Lordship mistaking his interlocutor for an Ita-



lian. On discovering the fact that the person with whom he was discoursing was an Englishman, his Lordship did not manifest that disposition to avoid the society of his countrymen which has been so generally attributed to him. The deportment of this nobleman was distinguished by the eccentricity of having two handsome horses, which he almost daily exercised in a limited spot, called "The New Foundation," to the great astonishment of the Venetians, who, besides contemplating the famous brazen horses of St. Mark, very rarely witness a steed in their aqueous city. There is another trait in his Lordship's conduct which in justice we must mention, and which it is pleasurable to record. His Lordship's munificence has been displayed in several pre-eminent acts of liberality, and has excited towards him, in consequence, a sentiment of respect and admiration. The last instance which occurred, was that which arose from the destruction by fire of the house of a shoemaker, near his Lordship's residence in St. Samuel, who lost every article belonging to him, and was, with a large family, reduced to a most pitiable condition. Lord Byron, having ascertained the afflicting circumstances of that calamity, ordered a new and superior habitation to be immediately built for the sufferer, the whole expense of which was borne by his Lordship, who also presented the unfortunate tradesman with a sum equal in value to the whole of his lost stock in trade and furniture.'

#### JAVANESE BATS.

(From Abel's Journey in China.)

I hastened to a grove, where I expected to find many of the great bats of Java, which had been represented to me as Vampyres, and which, in look and ferocity, might be supposed appropriate to the fables of those frightful beings. I had often seen, since my arrival in Java, plying in the day-time, at a great elevation, an animal making a noise so resembling the cawing of a crow, that at first I mistook it for a species of that kind. I now saw many of its species suspended in large clusters, with their heads downwards, from the branches of trees; and so firmly did they adhere, that although I fired at them, and must have destroyed two or three, they did not fall. By throwing large stones, I obliged them to quit their resting places and to take wing, many of them with young ones clinging to their breasts. They then hovered about, screeched violently, and, flapping their enormous wings, circled close over my head, reminding me of the harpies of antiquity. After some trials, I succeeded in shooting two, a male and female, the male being the larger. Nothing could be more hideous than their aspect; their bodies covered with long hair, resembling that of a fox in colour, smell, and form, but that of a full-grown rat in size. They are suspended between wings similar in texture to those of a common bat, but extending five feet from one extremity to the other. The tail, which is four inches long, is also like that of the fox, and is inclosed by the membrane uniting the hinder extremities. The female, which was only wounded in one of its wings, endeavoured to strike me with the other, screeching violently at the same time, and grinning horribly. When left to itself, it exerted its fury on the wounded limb, which it smashed with its teeth.

#### DOING BUSINESS IN SCOTLAND.

THE following mode of doing business in Scotland, as related by a London Commercial Traveller, is highly characteristic and entertaining.

It is not as in England, where, when an article is offered for sale, it is immediately purchased, or at once rejected as being too dear; but here, there is a long haggling and cheapening of every article successively offered. The relation of my transactions with one man, will serve to shew the general mode of doing business. He bids me call again, which I do several times, without doing any thing. He wishes to be the last I do with, but all cannot be LAST, and all have wished to be so. After a few days I get him to proceed to business; he objects to the price of the articles I offer; he will not buy. I try to induce him, but do not offer to make any reduction. Says he, 'You are over dear, Sir, I can buy the same gudes ten per cent. lower; if ya like to tak aff ten per cent. I'll tak some of these.' I tell him that a reduction of price is out of the question, and put my sample of the article aside; but the Scotsman wants it. 'Weel, Sir, it's a TERRIBLE price; but, as I am oot o' it at present, I'll just take a little till I can be supplied cheaper; but ye maun tak aff five per cent.' 'Sir,' says I, 'would you not think me an unconscionable knave to ask ten, or even five per cent. more than I intend to take?' He laughs at me, 'Hoot, hoot, man! do ye ay expec to get what ye ask? Gude Lord! an I was aye to get what I ask, I would soon be rich. Come, come, I'll gie ye within twa an a half of your ain price, and gude faith man! ye'll be weel paid.' I tell him that I never make any deduction from the price I first demand, and that an adherence to the rule saves much trouble to both parties. 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'since you maun hae it a' your ain way, I maun e'en tak the article, but really I think you are over keen.' So much for buying and selling; then comes the settlement of the account.—'Hoo muckle discount do ye tak aff, Sir?' 'Discount! why you cannot expect it, the account has been standing a twelvemonth.' Indeed, but I do expect discount; pay siller without discount; na, na, Sir, that's no the way here: ye maun deduc five per cent.' I tell him that I will make no discount at all. 'Weel, Sir, I'll gie ye na money at a'.' Rather than go without a settlement, I at last agree to take of two and a half per cent. from the amount, which is accordingly deducted. 'I have ten shillings doon against ye for short measure, and fifteen shillings for damages.' 'Indeed! these are heavy deductions, but if you say you shall lose to that amount, I suppose that I must allow it.' 'Oh, aye, it's a' right.—Then, Sir, here's eight shillings and fourpence for pack sheet, and thirteen shillings for carriage and postage.' These last items astonish me. 'What, Sir,' says I, 'are we to pay all the charges on your business?' But I find that if I do not allow these to be taken off, he will not pay his account, so I acquiesce, resolving within myself, that as these unfair deductions are made at settlement, it would be quite fair to charge an additional price to cover the extortion.

I now congratulate myself on having concluded my business with the man, but am disappointed. 'Hae ye a stawmp?' asks he. 'A stamp, for what?' 'Just to draw ye a bill,' replies he. A bill, my good Sir! I took off two and a half per cent. on the faith of being paid in cash.—But he tells me it is the custom of the place to pay in bills and sits down and draws a bill at three months



after date, payable at his own shop! 'And what can I do with this?' 'Oh, ye may tak it to Sir William's, and he'll discount it for ye on paying him three months' interest.' 'And what can I do with his notes?' He'll give ye a bill on London at forty-five days.' 'So, Sir, after allowing twelve-months' credit, and two and a half per cent. discount, and exorbitant charges which you have no claim on us to pay, I must be content with a bill for which we are not in cash for four months and a half.'—'Weel, weel.—And now, Sir,' says he 'if you are going to your Inn, I'll gang wi' ye, and tak a glass of wine.'

### Original Poetry.

#### SONG.

Oh! bright the days when childhood wove  
Her rosy wreath around us,  
When the first beam of infant love  
Pure as its heaven found us.

Oh! brightly shines the beacon tower,  
When floods of darkness roll between,  
And gaily shines th' illumined bower  
Thro' lengthened vistas glimmering seen.

And thus, o'er many a dreary year,  
The light of days departed  
Beams but to gild the falling tear  
That memory hath started.

But now 'tis past, why should we grieve,  
Or sink in fruitless sorrow?

For who regrets that sun at eve,  
He knows will rise to-morrow?

Then let us hope, tho' here 'tis vain,  
Years fled, return never,  
In Heaven, we'll be as young again,  
Be young and blest for ever.

V.

#### EPIGRAM

*On the Orleans Prince's Name.*

*Le grand, le bon, le désirée,*  
France calls her kings when fam'd;  
Strange then a prince should, people say,  
A *Pen-thiever*\* be named.

P.

#### SONG.

I CARE na' for ye, Anny said,  
Sae gang awa' to ither lasses:  
Ye tempt wi' gowd, an' blink thine ee,  
To ilka bonnie quean that passes.

I ken fu' weel ye lo'e to roam,  
An' flirt wi' ilka rosy beauty,—  
Ye shanna ha' my heart again,  
Sin' sic a rover your frae duty.

Ye powers aboon, I ca' to prove,  
How true I lov'd my charming Anny!  
But never maer, now she's unco',  
Will I confess ma lo'e for ony.

My heart is grawn as cauld as snaw,  
That once was wi' passion bleezing;  
Like floods the simmer sun has warm'd,  
That winter's moon, alack! is freezing.

WILFORD.

\* Penthievre.

### THE CHILD OF MISERY.

By J. D. NEWMAN.

OFT I've sat by yon silent stream,  
O'er which the weeping willows bend,  
And plunged in deep affliction's dream,  
Forgot the world, each foe and friend:  
My thoughts were thoughts of saddened sorrow,  
My bosom heaved with anguished care;  
He sat amid this gloomy horror  
Like the dark genius of despair;  
Yet still this gloom was dear to me,  
The woe-worn Child of Misery.

I've sat beneath the forest's gloom,  
When night's dark veil has shrouded day,  
When all was silent as the tomb  
Which shields the once vain mortal's clay;  
I've sat and mused in mournful sadness  
Of blissful moments ever lost,  
(It was a melancholy gladness)  
Withered by sorrow's blighting frost;  
Yet these sad thoughts were dear to me,  
The anguished Child of Misery.

I've seen the lightning's vivid form  
Dash to the earth the lofty pine,  
I've bared my bosom to the storm  
And wished that such a fall were mine;  
I've sat when the deep-rolling thunder  
To the ground whole forests hurled,  
And rent the trembling earth asunder,  
Spreading destruction o'er the world;  
And yet this ruin was bliss to me,  
The outcast Child of Misery.

I've sought the wood-embosomed grot  
By foliage hid from mortal eye,  
And in its cavern cursed my lot,  
And thought of pleasure with a sigh;  
But now I smile, with fierce derision,  
At that weak mirth I loved before,  
'Tis but a false and pleasing vision  
Which flitting fast is seen no more;  
For mirthful scenes are racks to me,  
The injured Child of Misery.

I've bid adieu to hated man,  
For no one can I call my friend;  
In innocence, my life began,  
In solitude its woe shall end!  
Oh yes; I'll fly this world of horror,  
To some secluded gloomy cave,  
Until this mortal form of sorrow  
Is buried in the peaceful grave;  
For in the tomb, alone, will be  
Rest for the Child of Misery.

### Fine Arts.

#### ARCHITECTURAL ANTIQUITIES OF NORMANDY.

By M. COTMAN, F. S. A.

THE above subject is, for various reasons, peculiarly interesting to the antiquary. To trace the history of architectural art in Normandy,—a country intimately connected with ancient Britain, in language, manners, laws, and blood, is no mean nor useless task, and this nation is doubtless much indebted to Mr. Cotman, for his able and diligent research in performing this very arduous undertaking. The first part of this work is just published,



containing twenty-five engravings, executed by Mr. Cotman, in a style of execution which must ensure to his work the approbation of the admirers of antiquities and the fine arts.

Although the iron hand of war, and the savage spoliation of revolutionary destruction, have stripped ancient Normandy of many of the magnificent vestiges of its former state of splendour, yet the engravings of the splendid erections contained in this publication, amply testify that there are still left sufficient remains of Norman grandeur, to call for the publication of views of those stately edifices of paletian magnificence and baronial pomp, which have escaped the ravages of time and the injury of civil wars.

The engravings are on super-royal folio, and are well etched, by Mr. Cotman. The Castle of Arques is a clever plate of a very ancient fortification, whose battlements appear, from their strength, calculated to defy powerful attacks. The Arch on the West Front of the Abbey Church of Jumieges, and the West Entrance of the Abbey Church of St. George's de Bocherville, are remnants of taste and grandeur. The Sculptured Capitals of St. George's Abbey are curious relics of antique architecture. The engraving of the Church of Gravel is very excellent. The North Porch of St. Michael de Vaucelles at Caen, is a magnificent specimen of Gothic skill. The Statue of William Duke of Normandy on Horseback, although the head is lost, and the figure much mutilated, is an interesting fragment of antiquity. The West Front of the Abbey Church of St. Etienne, at Caen, exhibits two steeples of great height, and, perhaps, of beauty, unequalled at this day. The last engraving being the East End of the Abbey Church of the Trinity at Caen, is an excellent representation of the remains of a handsome building.

Mr. Cotman appears to have treated the ground part in the engravings as unworthy of his attention; the work would have afforded more general satisfaction, had the parts other than the architectural, been more skilfully executed. The engravings will not rank in the very first scale of excellence, but they are well calculated to answer the announced object of the production: *i. e.* to convey an impressive and correct idea of the remaining architectural subjects of Norman antiquity; and it is, therefore, but an act of common justice to the labours of the artist, to recommend the publication, as one particularly deserving of attention, to those who feel themselves interested in antiquarian research.

[In our critical notices in the department of the Fine Arts, it is not our intention in future to follow the example of the conductors of most periodical publications, in confining ourselves merely to the immediate works of the present day, but we shall occasionally present to our readers, critical and descriptive notices of the most valuable and esteemed productions of art, as well of the *old masters*, as of the more modern ones, contained both in private and public collections.—ED.]

#### THE TRANSFIGURATION, BY RAFFAELE.

THIS splendid large picture is in the Vatican, at Rome. The subject is one which calls for the exertion of great talents, and it is here executed with a beauty very worthy of its master.

Christ is represented standing, as it were, in the air, with his arms and hands extended in a pious or supplicat-

ing posture, which is excellently conceived. On one side of him is Moses, and on the other side is Elias soaring in the air, each of them being full of holy veneration.

Under the above-mentioned figures, are Peter, James, and John, struck with fear, occasioned by the effulgent glory above them, and governed by devotional dread, hiding their faces with their hands and falling prostrate on the mountain, upon the top of which they are assembled. To the right of Christ are some figures praying.

In the foreground, near to the foot of the mountain, a very conspicuous object appears in the lunatic boy, brought by his father to Christ, for the purpose of soliciting that cure which was afterwards effected in the restoration of the young maniac to a state of regular and undisturbed intellect. The wild ravings of frenzy and the frightful agitation of the body caused by furious madness, are very admirably shown in this figure. The eyes roll wildly horrible,—the face is an index of much agony of mind, and is that of an infuriated maniac,—the body is convulsed with a violence of agitation and energy of power, which appear to baffle the strength of the boy's father, who endeavours to pacify and support him. The foot and leg of the father have great anatomical force. The attention of those persons whose eyes are not raised towards the mountain, appears directed to the boy.

Almost in the middle, at the bottom of the picture, is a female, with her back turned towards the spectator, who points to the boy, and appears to indicate, by her position and countenance, great concern for the boy's peace of mind, and wishing to appease the imaginations of him and of those who are present, by expressions of hope and confidence which add a powerful interest to her otherwise interesting features. The hair of this female is very tastefully arranged.

On the other side are several disciples, agitated by extreme dread, evincing their holiness and fear in a very forcible manner.

In the corner of the picture, is a disciple holding a book which is open, but from which of course his attention is diverted: the head of this apostle or disciple is in a fine old style.—Twenty-six figures are introduced into the scene.

Whether we consider the composition, the anatomy, or the colouring of this celebrated painting, it must be pronounced to belong to the first class of excellence, and it has a partial grandeur not frequently found in the works of Raffaele, who rather studied beauty and softness than power and strength.

Perhaps the finest copy of this picture ever taken was that by the late Mr. Harlow, when at Rome, which the reader will find noticed in a former number.

#### THE DUKE OF ARENBERG, BY VANDYCKE.

(In the possession of T. W. Coke, Esq. M. P., at Holkham House.)

THE composition of this painting is very beautiful and pleasing. The Duke of Arenberg occupies the foreground; he is mounted on horseback, and is very splendidly arrayed in the ancient military accoutrements. In his left hand he holds the chivalric emblem of command—the *baton*, and with his left hand he guides his horse. He is bare headed; his face is truly in the Vandycke style, with a small tuft of his beard growing. The face displays fine expression. His esquire is on foot behind him, holding his casque or helmet. The horse on which the Duke of Arenberg is mounted is finely done. In the distance of



the landscape, are troops of armed horsemen apparently prepared for and proceeding to the combat, under the command, as we presume, of this duke. The regiment of soldiers, clad in steel, adds very much to the interest excited by the duke's figure in the fore-ground. This picture does credit even to the pencil of Vandycke.

\*. \*. T.

### The Drama.

**DRURY LANE.**—A third attempt to produce a successful novelty, during the present season, was made on Saturday night. In melo-drama and farce, the manager had completely failed, and he now essayed a new comedy, by Mr. W. C. Oulton, under the title of *Gallantry, or Adventures in Madrid*; and certainly a more contemptible production, as to language, plot, and incident, was never exhibited at any theatre. The audience waited with great good nature the first three acts; but their patience now became put to too severe a test, and the best comic performers at the theatre (who were all enlisted on the occasion) could not procure the remainder a quiet hearing.—At the end of the performance, Mr. Elliston came forward, and, after waiting until the clamour had subsided, announced that the comedy was withdrawn. He seemed anxious to remonstrate with the audience, declared he felt most acutely for the author, and assured them that 'to write a comedy was a difficult thing, and to judge of it still more difficult.' The audience felt somewhat offended at the latter part of the observation, thinking, very properly, that it was not a matter of much difficulty to decide on the merits of the comedy they had just seen. They were, however, restored to good humour by his informing them, that he had devoted one night's receipts of the theatre to the fund for providing shelter for the Destitute.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Mr. Nathan, a gentleman known to the musical world as the coadjutor of Mr. Braham, in the composition of the Hebrew Melodies, mistook his talents so much as to venture before the public as a singer, and actually made his *debut*—and *exit* we may add—in the character of Henry Bertram, on Saturday night last. A more complete failure was never witnessed, and it was really melancholy to see a man of real talent expose himself to the 'pitiless pelting of the storm,' in a line for which nature has totally disqualified him. The tribe of Israel appeared very strong in his favour in the early part of the evening, and actually encored him in one song; but when the sturdy half-price visitors entered, Mr. Nathan's fate was sealed, and laughs and hisses attended his appearance in every scene; he was not even suffered to finish one of the most cruel outrages that ever was perpetrated on that noble song, 'Scots wha' hae' wi' Wallace bled.' Although Mr. Nathan (as is not very unusual) mistook his talents, might not some of the gentlemen of the theatre have discerned the impossibility of his success, or were they anxious to draw one good house only, by laying the disciples of Mr. Nathan under contribution.

**EAST LONDON THEATRE.**—Among the various excellent pieces which are presented at this theatre, there is none more deserving of critical attention than *Macbeth*. Mr. Rae's delineation of the character of that ambitious chief is one of his most perfect performances, and is fully entitled to the unqualified applause with which it is received. Mrs. Waring's *Lady Macbeth* also merits com-

mendation; it is the best character we have seen her in, and is, altogether, a very interesting performance. The other characters are all respectably played, and the chorusses are full and well executed.—The beautiful melo-dramatic spectacle of *Aladdin* has been produced here in good style, and the prices of admission have, very judiciously, been restored to their former standard. Additional fires have also been introduced, which add much to the comfort of the audience.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—Our notice of this theatre is limited to recording, to the credit and humanity of the proprietors, that they devoted the whole of one night's receipts (free from any deduction for expenses) to the fund for relieving the Destitute and Houseless.—Two theatres have already stepped forward for this laudable purpose, but we have not heard of one pulpit being devoted to it!

### Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

**The new Bank Notes.**—The following is an outline of the plan finally determined upon with respect to these notes: a number of squares will appear in chequer-work upon the note, filled with hair lines in elliptic curves of various degrees of eccentricity, the squares to be alternately of red and black lines; the perfect mathematical coincidence of the extremities of the lines of different colours on the sides of the squares, will be effected by the arrangement of machinery of singular fidelity. But even with the use of this machinery, a person who has not the key to the proper disposition of its parts, would make millions of experiments to no purpose. Other obstacles to imitation will also be presented in the structure of the note; but this is the one principally relied upon. It is plain that any failure in the imitation will be manifest to the observance of the most careless; and the most skilful merchants who have seen the operation, declare the note cannot be imitated. The machine works with three cylinders, and the impression is made by small convex cylindrical plates.

Medals of Milton, Franklin, Washington, Michael Angelo, Schiller, Boerhaave, Locke, Congreve, Dante, Francis I., Christopher Columbus, Petrarch, and the medals struck for the Amelioration of Prisons, have been sent to the several libraries of the cities of France.

The Society of Artists in Philadelphia have presented Sir Thomas Lawrence with two thousand dollars for a portrait of Mr. West, the venerable President of the Royal Academy. When received it will be placed in the Academy of Arts.

**The Portuguese Essay on Man.**—We are tempted shortly to advert to an elegant and curious publication which has recently made its appearance in the literary world, and which carries with it a compliment flattering to our national vanity. The main subject is a translation of Pope's *Essay on Man*, into Portuguese verse, undertaken by a distinguished character at the Court of Rio Janeiro, with the approbation of his sovereign, to inculcate the truths of moral philosophy, and promote the study of our English models of composition amongst a people hitherto remarkable for their disregard of literary honour. But the most curious part of the work is comprised in the notes, which are so voluminous as to swell out Pope's short poem into three moderate sized quartos. These notes contain, in addition to much original matter, consisting of dissertations, political, metaphysical, critical, and historical, a great many translations and selections from the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, German, English, and Portuguese writers. The book has, we understand, been published privately, at a considerable expense, as is apparent from the excellence of the typography and engravings. We shall conclude this brief account by translating the character given of our literature by the illustrious translator, in his preface,



which places it in a very advantageous light for the contemplation of the Portuguese student:—'The form of government, quality of the climate, and difference of manners peculiar to Great Britain—the freedom of thought, and warmth of public spirit, that reign there, added to a tinge of endemic melancholy in the English character, have created in times past, and still contribute to encourage, a distinct species of profound literature and sublime poetry, whose beauties and defects bear very little analogy to those observable in the productions of the other nations of Europe. \* The ideas and reflections of the writers of England are more solid and profound, their sentiments more forcible and pungent. Their imagination is always energetic, abstract, and philosophical; and poetry, under their guidance, is invariably the organ of morality. Tragedy, which causes emotions that electrify our nature, speaks on the English stage to the eye as well as to the ear; and, by means of the more terrific fillusion, impresses with greater certainty on the human heart the signet of compassion and terror.

\* "La prosodie Anglaise est uniforme et voilée; ses beautés naturelles sont toutes mélancoliques: les nuages ont formé ses couleurs, et le bruit des vagues sa modulation." These are the words of Madame de Staël Holstein in her *Corinne*.

### The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

*The Origin of the Sign of the Shoulder of Mutton, Brook Street, Westminster.*—About thirty years ago, the landlord and his wife had a quarrel: he left her, and went to sea. After seven years' absence, he returned, with a shoulder of mutton in his hands, to the astonishment of his wife, who had continued the business with the utmost propriety during his seven years' absence. They settled their disputes, and, in commemoration of the event, the sign was altered as before stated.

*Preventing Cold.*—A gentleman, in company, complaining of cold in his feet, another, not over loaded with sense, told him that if he would follow his advice, he would tell him of an excellent remedy: 'I always get,' says he, 'a thin piece of lead, out of an Indian chest, and fit it to my shoe, for this purpose.'—'Then, Sir,' says the former, 'you are like a rope-dancer's pole, you have lead at both ends!'

*Singular customs at Munich.*—Every child found begging in the streets is arrested, and carried to a charitable establishment. The moment he enters the hospital, and before he is cleaned and gets the new clothes intended for him, his portrait is painted in his ragged dress, and precisely as he was found begging. When his education is finished in the hospital, this portrait is given to him, and he promises by an oath to keep it all his life, in order that he may be reminded of the abject condition from which he had been rescued, and of the obligations he owes to the institution, which saved him from misery, and gave him the means by which he is enabled to avoid it in future.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Wilford, V., F. T., and Puceron, in our next.

Y. F. in an early number.

If J. W. D. would send us the sequel of the story of which he has furnished the first part, we could then decide on its insertion.

We thank P. for his attention, and are much gratified by the result he mentions.

*Errata.*—p. 13, 1st col. 10th line from bottom, for 'iron' read 'iv'ry'; p. 30, 1st col. 21st line, for 'fitted' read 'filled'; p. 44, line 13 from bottom, for 'Joy to thee' read 'Joy to the three'; p. 45, 2nd col. 8th line from bottom, for 'Durier' read 'Dwrrer'; p. 46, 2nd col. 22nd line, for 'dark' read 'back.'

\* \* It having been suggested, by many friends, that Monthly

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\* \* In the first instance, for the sake of completely developing the capability of the plan, two volumes of this series have been published at the same time. The third Volume, to appear, in course, on the 15th of February, will comprise three exquisite Spanish Tales from Leandra de Valladoras.

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'If Cæsar can hide the Sun with a blanket, or put this Moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light.'—Cymbeline.

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